
T H E

C R I S I S.

N U M B E R XLV. *To be continued Weekly.*

SATURDAY, NOVEM. 25, 1775. [*Price Two Pence Half-penny.*]

May the Name of that Wretch; be for ever blotted from the Annals of this once happy Nation, who shall dare to attack the Rights and Liberties of free-born Subjects; or lay a restraint upon the Trade and Commerce, by which the Dignity of the Nation is supported, and the Poor made Comfortable and Happy.

To the Earl of DARTMOUTH,

Late Secretary of State for the Colonies.

MY LORD,



Shall not address you in the flattering stile of a pensioned courtier at *St. James's*; or with the wild enthusiasm of a pliant preacher of *Bunhill-fields*, or *Tottenham-court Road*; the one I despise for his treachery and meanness; the other I pity for his ignorance and superstition: I shall therefore, lay aside all respect, (for you deserve none) and endeavour to speak to you in the language, and with the boldness of an honest Englishman.---Hitherto you have escaped (through your insignificancy) the notice of the *Authors of the Crisis*.---But flatter not yourself, or think, my *dissembling Lord*, to remain any longer, hid from the eyes of PUBLICK JUSTICE. “ You have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.” Your crimes are of so black a dye, that

that nothing short of your *pious* life, can satisfy the manes of the murdered *Americans*. The part you have already taken, in the unnatural *civil war* in *America*, is not only unconstitutional, but irreligious and inhuman. The BLOOD of peaceful subjects, already shed in *England* and *America*, pleads to heaven, and calls for immediate JUSTICE; not only upon your Lordship, but upon the whole infernal gang of ministerial PARRICIDES and MURDERERS.

The earth cannot cover those seas of innocent BLOOD, which has been wantonly spilt, by mercenary and infatuated soldiers; to please an abandoned, BLOODY MINISTRY. At that awful day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be opened, it will rise up in judgment against you, and call for vengeance. Then, my Lord, titles and honours will avail nothing; the conscious wretches, standing at the bar; not of a *Mansfield*; but of a just God; self-accused, and self-condemned; who will pronounce this dreadful sentence; *depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels*. Repent therefore before it is too late.

Your Lordship has been represented (by your emissaries) as religious; indeed the same epithets are now bestowed upon our virtuous Sovereign, as well as your Lordship. But can your religious Lordship, lay your hand upon your heart, and say that the measures now pursuing in *America*, are either virtuous or just? You may answer yes; (for what will not villainy do or say, when supported by power) but if you had one spark of honour, honesty, or humanity left, you would answer in the negative; nay, you must acknowledge they are cruel, unconstitutional, scandalous, and a disgrace to the name of Englishmen and christians. If so my Lord, what must be the opinion of the world concerning your Lordship. They must look upon you with *abhorrence* and *detestation*, and despise you, as a man destitute of every principle of virtue, honour, justice, religion, and humanity; as a wretch, who basely betrays his country, to gain a paltry pension, and prostitutes his honour and conscience, to enjoy a little court favour.

The time is not far distant, my Lord, when an enraged people will demand justice on the authors, promoters, and abettors of the present CIVIL WAR. When an insulted people, will drag to punishment, without the form of a trial, not only the projectors, but the meanest

meanest instruments now employed, to carry their measures into Execution.

Happy day, when the spirit of freedom shall rise into action, and the PEOPLE determine to do themselves justice, and make the authors of their miseries feel their vengeance; when they shall drag forth to public execution, the whole tribe of PARRICIDES and TRAYTORS.

The *British Lion* now slumbers; but the spirit of Englishmen will not suffer them to receive many more insults, before it rouses them to a just, and glorious REVENGE. It will then be too late to repent, or alter your conduct. When the people are up in arms, it will be no excuse that you acted only as *secretary of State*. They will receive no excuses, no equivocations, but convinced of your guilt, bring you to punishment. It will be in vain to plead for mercy, for mercy must give place to JUSTICE. Even the present mislead, royal cypher, will not be able to save you. His greatest FAVOURITES and dearest MINIONS, will then be brought to the SCAFFOLD, amidst the triumphs, joy, and insults, of a long oppressed people.

Hear this my Lord, and tremble! Consider it, and resolve speedily to alter your conduct!--Be no more the tool of Lord North; nor of those ARCH-TRAYTORS, Bute and Mansfield; shake off all dependance upon such wretches, and if you have virtue enough left, endeavour to atone for your past conduct, by immediately informing your foolish Sovereign, of the real state of affairs in *America*. Stop, as much as lies in your power, the further effusion of human BLOOD. If his misguided and PIOUS Majesty still remains obdurate; forsake a Court devoted to destruction, and follow the noble example of a RICHMOND and a CAMDEN, by protesting against its measures.

Your Lordship cannot plead ignorance of the state of affairs in *America*; the dispatches which daily pass, (or at least ought) through your hands, must inform you of the loyalty of those people. Notwithstanding the worst of slaves, ministerial scriblers, are hired to blacken the Americans in the eyes of England, your Lordship knows the peaceful disposition of that People. Even *General Gage's* letters, bloody and false as they are, contain so many truths in favour of
America,

America, that they are not given to the publick, untill they have undergone a revifal and alteration by the *junto* in *Downing-street*; nay, fo fearful is our coward miniftry, leaft their black deeds fhould come to light, or that things in America fhould be known in their true ftate, that every clerk, from the menial to the higheft, in your Lordships office, is fworn to fecrecy. This, my Lord, you know for a fact, nor can your *pious* and *religious* Lordship deny it.

In what light then, muft we look upon your Lordship, either as a *fool* or a *knave*; as a mere *puppet*, who move and act as your mafter, Lord North, pulls the wires.---Fye, my Lord! retire and hide yourfelf from the fcorn and ridicule of mankind, and no more attempt to miflead and deceive your King. If you have not honefty enough to inform him of the trnth, forbear to call down the vengeance of heaven, by forging lies.

Leave the court, and indulge your *pious* felf, as heretofore, in lolling over your garden wall, at *Lewifham*, to hear the ravings of a methodift preacher. But dare not any longer to confpire againft the liberties of America; leaft the fword of juftice, which now hangs impending o'er your guilty head, be feized before its time, and you fall the firft victim, to the injured laws of England and America.

At this time, my Lord, when men in power are, through views of intereft and ambition, fapping the conftitution, and undermining the foundations of the Empire, it is incumbent on, nay, it is the DUTY of every man boldly to ftand forth in its defence. I know it will be faid, indeed it has been faid, that Senarors in oppofition, are no other than incendiaries, who fet fire to a houfe, in order to plunder it during the general diftreff, and riot in the coufufion; but, my Lord, when we confider that fuch perfons have by a timely and spirited conduct, often roused the people from a ftate of infenfibility, in which they fupinely lay for ages before and led them on to LIBERTY, that glorious prerogative of Britons; when we confider, my Lord, that it is to THEM we owe the firft and greateft bleffings we enjoy; the idea of *incendiary* immediately brightens into that of PROTECTOR, and where we dreaded an enemy, we find a friend.

Under

Under this notion of things, my Lord, shall I be afraid to say, that unless some bold, some resolute, nay, some **DESPERATE** step is taken, and that immediately, the constitution of this country, that constitution which received its birth from the virtuous struggles of our ancestors, will inevitably expire? Shall I be afraid to say, that unless we all to a man, instantly put forth an arm to support the falling fabrick, it will be presently too late, its towering top will be levelled with the ground, and all that is dear and valuable to us, be buried in its ruins? No, my Lord, the people will look upon themselves as men, equally interested in the public cause, with your Lordship, and other parricides, who are, to the eternal disgrace of the nation, intrusted with the management of our affairs; they will not fear to approach the throne. and pour out their complaints; they will not fear to tell their ungrateful Sovereign that he is willingly deceived, nay, duped by such pious hypocrites as your Lordship, and the rest of his infamous ministers, that though smiling in his face, you are secretly putting the knife to his throat; they will not fear to remonstrate, and *make him know*, that 'tis the duty of a King to see with his *own* eyes, and to hear with his *own* ears; that the end of Sovereign power is, that *all* may be happy under the vigilance of *one*, and not that *one* should prey upon *all*, that *abuse of power* betrays a *baseness of soul*, and that 'tis an act of *cruelty* to oppress the wretched, who have nothing but their cries or their tears to defend them; that nothing is so *noble* as greatness and goodness united, and nothing so *ignoble* as that savageness of disposition, which often prevents greatness from respecting human nature, when not disguised by some worldly pomp. In short, they will not fear to tell him, that if the nobles of the realm owe their greatness to him, he owes *his* greatness, power, and dignity to the PEOPLE.

If all this will not do, they will have no alternative left, 'tis incumbent on them to take the field, and shew themselves *brave*, where bravery is required, and *dare* to be resolute in cases of necessity. Our predecessors led the way, *we* have nothing to do but to *follow*.

Shall we, my Lord, put it in the power of a *child*, to say, when our heads are low in the grave, "Such and such privileges, my great-grandfather purchased with his life, and bequeathed to his son; that son preserved them pure, and left them to my father, but he, confusion

fusion to his memory, sat quietly by his fire side, while the ravager plundered him, and entailed beggary and slavery upon his offspring." No, my Lord, it must not be, we have some *virtue*, and I hope as much *resolution* as our forefathers, as great, if not greater privileges to contend for, and as great a necessity for doing it; and nothing, my Lord, but such a resolution at this time, can save the nation from destruction, or prevent the present Sovereign, and his infernal Ministers, from any longer tyrannizing over a brave and free People; a people who pride themselves in their LOYALTY, while their Prince is *gracious*, but who glory in REBELLION, when REBELLION is necessary to tumble down a TYRANT.

* * On Monday last, at noon, was published, (*Price Two-pence Half-penny*) the SPIRITED PROTEST of the minority Lords, and his Grace the Duke of Manchester's animated speech, against an address to the King, and taking foreign troops into the pay of Great Britain, without consent of parliament.

To the P U B L I C.

For COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESSES, &c.

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A Gentleman, who, at this Time, when COUGHS and COLDS are no less dangerous, than general, has distributed to his Friends, Neighbours; and the Poor round him, the above Remedy GRATIS, is, by their Persuasions, and from motives of Humanity, induced to make it Public, as the Community at large could receive no Benefit from it, while confined to a private local Distribution, indeed it would have been an act of the greatest INHUMANITY to have with-held this valuable SPECIFIC from the Public, when more than fifty People have been cured by taking it, within these few Days, and one who had quite lost his Speech.--The Proprietor expects this Tribute of Gratitude from the Public, that ATTESTATIONS of its Efficacy may be left at the Places of Sale by those who receive Benefit from it, as the greatest Pleasure he enjoys is in being useful to his Fellow Creatures. This DECOCTION is sold in Bottles of Two-shillings each, with Directions, at Mr. T. W. SHAW's, opposite Anderton's Coffee House, Fleet-street; Mrs. KINGMAN, the corner of Sweeting's Alley, Royal Exchange.

N. B. The PECTORAL DECOCTION may be given to Children of the tenderest Age.

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